

ITS SAD SAD STORY

Awful Experience of a Now Famous Wheat Field.

THEY TRIED TO KILL IT

Wichitans Who Were Guilty of the Thing.

East of Chisholm creek, on Douglas avenue, is a large tract of land which has never been part of the city. For years it has been farmed indifferently, which, as this article will prove, was a great fortune to all the residents there. It was put in corn one year and the weeds took it; oats the following year, with the same result; millet, ditto. But last fall a farmer took hold of it and put in the forty acres in wheat. The tract is a beautiful one, level as a billiard table, and fringed about with the tangled elms of the little brook, which winds around it. But how that wheat has suffered. The street car passes by it, and the College Hill people and the Fairmounters have given it eighteen volumes of comment.

Starting off last winter, E. T. Allen maintained, in the first place, that it was "no." This excited El Hyde, who thinks he knows wheat when he sees it, and he declared it was wheat. The joint debate lasted for several weeks. Hyde maintained that it wasn't dark enough green for rye; Allen maintained that it was. An occasional gutter put in that he thought it was millet or oats, and was laughed into silence. Along about March, it became apparent that it was going to turn out wheat, and Allen was knocked out of the ring, refusing to look at the field any more at all for betraying him. Hyde developed a fond attachment for the beautiful sward, and felt that he owned it, because he had guessed it.

The wheat seemed to thrive well this spring. It was truly luxuriant, the deep shadows chasing each other across its emerald bosom in a way to make a poet walk in mid-air.

At this point S. W. Cooper, of College Hill, comes into the game. He noticed the wheat, got out, examined it and pronounced it too thick on the ground. He delivered his opinion, and there was general sadness over the blow. Everyone believed that it was exceptional wheat, and this fact of being too thick was crushing on the bright conviction.

Professor Isley, of Fairmount, next took a shot at the seed. His attention was called to it as a particularly beautiful piece of growing grain. He pointed out, however, that it was growing uneven, and probably would not make much of a yield.

This caused greater sorrow and the man who had put it in so that it would grow uneven, although he was unknown was generally condemned.

The wheat, however, kept on growing vigorously, until the spring came in. Mr. A. C. Dickson, the real estate man, then hit the field below the belt and knocked it out. He got out, pulled a straw and found the fly on it, shook his head sadly and said the wheat would never amount to much. This news he conveyed to the people who did not know much about wheat any way, and their gloom deepened. Most of them were surprised to find the field there the next day in spite of the fly. It was still there a week later and the impression got out that the fly was dead.

In fact the people who did not know much about wheat and its misfortunes had about concluded that perhaps the field would make it—would come out all right in the end.

All agreed at one time that it needed rain. There was no appearance of need of rain. The wheat seemed to be green and thriving, vigorous and fresh. But it is a mental condition to "need rain" in Kansas and the sentiment was unanimous. Everybody thought he saw the wheat withering and there was a decided tinge of yellow on the stalks below. For two days the agony continued, and then it rained. The next day was hot and still, and B. D. Allen declared that the wheat was gone with. More gloom. It was certain that the wheat was rusting at last, and after all it had withstood for months. It was too bad.

But the wheat didn't rust. It just kept on growing greener, more beautiful, more fascinating than ever.

But it wasn't for long. One day I. P. Campbell came rushing down town with

a look of agony on his face and both hands full of wheat. There was no mistaking what was the matter. The wheat had smut in it. It was from the same field. Campbell had it all dead in about three minutes. Sorrow was general. Strong men felt like weeping. To think that after its brave struggle the wheat should collapse under the onslaught of smut. But smut it was, and Mr. Campbell departed with a look of ill-concealed triumph hanging to his features.

But the wheat—well, it went on growing, higher and higher, and headed out beautifully.

Then it rained again. By this time the interest in that wheat field had become general all over town and to settle it once for all Farmer Duellittle was deputed to examine it and pronounce the verdict. He spent an hour in the field, and returned with a long face.

He said it had rained on the bloom, that the whole field was depolluted or something and the yield would amount to about a bushel.

The people who do not know anything about wheat commenced to get mad. The wheat looked all right and this began to look like persecution.

But there was a series of cold days, and Elmer Reese declared that he had measured a stalk and it had quit growing, absolutely quit growing. Nobody would believe him. He didn't know what he was talking about. At this point if a cyclone had come along and pulled the field up stem by stem that crowd that didn't know anything about wheat would have maintained that it would yield a bushel to the acre. The crowd was mad and inclined to fight.

And then that hail came. Al Musselman brought the news to town. The hail stem by stem that crowd that didn't know anything about wheat would have maintained that it would yield a bushel to the acre. The crowd was mad and inclined to fight.

Everybody was now glad of it. The wheat had made a valiant fight, but if it had to go it had to go, and that settled it.

But the next day the wheat was still standing and the heads were intact. The friends of wheat took up for it once again, and all its old enemies said that it could not be killed, that a thousand men with clubs couldn't hurt it.

But last Wednesday after the driving rain Ben Aldrich came down from the Hill with tears almost in his eyes.

"Wheat's down," he said. "Oh, but it is a pitiful sight. The rain drove so hard that the wheat just naturally fell flat. It's down and ruined."

Nobody spoke a word. Nobody cared to talk about it any longer.

Since the wheat has come up and looks all right, but it isn't ready to harvest yet, and there are only 500 bushels for it yet to meet in the next ten days.

GLAD TO GET HOME.

Young Lady Runaway Was Found in Jail.

Anderson, Ind., June 15.—Miss Leona E. Carver, the pretty and accomplished daughter of ex-District Attorney A. C. Carver, who was supposed to have eloped from her home at Alexandria, near here, on June 8, was returned to Alexandria by her father Monday, when an entirely different story of her recent escapade was told.

Her father found her in jail at Ann Arbor, Mich., where she was held to await trial on a charge of robbing the house of Mrs. Rhodes of 321. She had left Ann Arbor and was arrested at Dexter, Mich. She was taken back to Ann Arbor, where a justice of the peace bound her over for trial. She was handsomely dressed when caught and there was no sign of the young man from California with whom she was said to have eloped.

Mr. Carver was able to procure his daughter's release on bail, but unless the Michigan authorities can be persuaded not to prosecute her she will have to return to Ann Arbor for trial.

KANSAS CADET REPRIMANDED.

He Should Have Interfered in Case of Hazing.

Annapolis, Md., June 15.—For being present when Naval Cadet Dorch was hazed last fall Naval Cadet Marilyn G. Cook of Kansas, one of the first class men of the Naval academy, failed to receive his diploma of graduation.

The academy authorities held that Cadet Cook, being a member of the first class, ought to have interfered and stopped the hazing of Cadet Dorch. Cadet Cook stands 23 in his class of 61 members, and is next to the youngest cadet in it. He had to wait to walk until after the summer practice cruise before he receives his sheepskin.

NEGRO ON THE JURY

He Will be One of the Men to Decide Jessie Morrisons Fate

TESTIMONY NEXT WEEK

State Will Cut It's Evidence Short for Dispatch.

El Dorado, Kan., June 15.—One year ago last Thursday night the tragedy in which Mrs. Olin Castle lost her life had the beginning of its culmination in the wedding of Mr. Olin Castle and Clara Wiley at the home of the bride's parents. Reverend Wharton performed the ceremony, and after it the young couple went to their home on Merchant street, the home that was soon to be darkened by the shadow of an awful struggle and a death.

Since that day the bride has gone, the home is closed and the community has been engrossed in the trial of the woman who was not married, Jessie Morrison.

There are no sensational later developments in the second trial. Apparently the first trial revealed all there was to reveal. The four new bits of paper introduced by the state and objected to by the defense are merely good-bye letters written to friends by Mrs. Olin Castle when she realized that she was dying.

The interest in the trial is not what it was. The court room is no longer crowded to suffocation, and the selection of a jury, not yet completed, drags. There are as ever strong partisans of each side. Thursday, two men on the street, John Stoltz and Charles Beardsley, in arguing the Morrison case drifted into violence. Beardsley striking Stoltz over the head with a rock, cutting a deep gash. Beardsley was arrested and is in jail.

There will be one or more negroes on the jury. It is settled. In fact one of the jurors selected already is a negro laborer. The defense challenged him for cause, but was overruled. Five negroes have already been examined, so exhausted has the availing jury become.

Apparently the defense does not relish the idea of negroes on the jury. Judge Aikman today gave it as his opinion that the jury would be secured next week sure, and that the trial would progress rapidly.

The attorneys for the state have decided to make the trial much shorter than the first one, and will introduce only that evidence bearing directly on the tragedy itself.

For the most part the public is interested only in the verdict. The rehearsal of the scenes lacks novelty. The uncertainty of the verdict of the jury as much as an intense interest as ever.

Notwithstanding the failure of the first jury to agree, there are many here who believe that at the end of the present trial conviction will result.

TEA WAS CAUSE.

Woman Drinks Free Tea and Dies From Effects.

Sharon, Pa., June 15.—Mrs. Frank Dunlap of Newcastle died this morning under peculiar circumstances. A package of tea was thrown upon her porch yesterday and in the evening she made a cup of the beverage from the contents of the package, but left it standing in a cup until this morning.

After drinking it she was seized with violent pains and in a short time died. A post-mortem is to be held. Mrs. Dunlap was one of the best known women in New Castle.

MERCHANTS ARE HOOODOOED.

Yale Forger Plays Game on Unsuspecting Kentuckian.

Louisville, Ky., June 15.—Melville Chester, Jr., under arrest at Chicago, charged with being one of the hardest working forgers on record, has been identified by the Louisville police as the young man who came through Louisville a month ago, and was the strength of a bogus kinship to Senator Mark Hanna, of Ohio, succeeded in securing \$1,000 from Louisville merchants.

The young man's true name is unknown, although he gives it as Melville. Louisville people are convinced it is not his name, and the strength of a bogus kinship to Senator Mark Hanna, of Ohio, succeeded in securing \$1,000 from Louisville merchants.

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Cleanliness Is Next to Godliness
See our Towel ad.

Sunbonnet Sale

Two hundred and fifty Summer Bonnets, good styles, best cloth, full measure; all colors—black, blue, red, pink and white; the regular 25c Bonnet, for 15 cents.

Corset Section

If You Sit in Your Bones

You would not be cooler than in one of our Royal Worcester Summer Corsets. They are light as air, made of the best material, equal to the usual 75c goods, for 50c.

We also have a new shipment of the Royal Worcester Straight-Front Baste Corset, also the Kabo Straight-Front Corset and the new Girdle Corset.

We can now supply those who have been waiting for the Saline Corset, a corset and bust form combined.

The Greater Department Store of
MORSMAN, INNES & CO.

Towel Tale—A Tuesday Sale

Seven dozen Huck Towels, 20x38; worth 15c for 10c
Five dozen Damask Towels, colored borders, fringed, for 9c
Fifteen dozen Honeycomb Towels, 36x20; value 10c for 5c
Five dozen Hemmed Absorbent Towels, for 12c
Eight dozen Damask Towels, fringed, colored borders, 40x20, for 15c
30 cent Damask Towels, knotted fringe, colored border for 22c
20 cent Huck Towels, hemmed, 38x20, for 17c
25 cent Damask Huck Towels, hemmed, 40x20 for 22c
30 cent Huck Towels, 42x22, colored border, hemmed, for 4c
Unbleached Turkish Towels, 30x16, for 7c
Unbleached Turkish Towels, 36x20, worth 12c, for 12c
Unbleached Turkish Towels, 45x20, worth 18c for 15c
25 cent Bleached Turkish Towels, 45x20, extra heavy, for 21c
20 cent Bleached Turkish Towels, worth 29c for 21c
This is an opportunity to provide your bath and toilet at unusually low prices.

Freckles and Tan Knocked Out
See our Sunbonnet sale.

Ladies' Hosiery Sale

Fast Black Lace Hose, regular made. These Hose would be considered cheap at any other place for 30c a pair. Sale price 22c, or three pairs for 60c.

Ladies' Summer Skirts

Grass Linen Skirt, white duck bands, for 89c.
Ladies' Covert Skirts, bands and stitching, \$1.89.
Ladies' Duck Skirt, all colors, bands and stitching, \$2.
Grass Linen, fancy trimmed, pique bands, \$2.25.
Grass Linen, double flounce, pique bands, \$2.98.
Polka-dot Pique Skirt, blue and black, fifteen rows braid, \$3.50.
Linen Chambray Skirts, fifteen rows braid, \$3.50.
Linen Chambray Skirts, flounce braid, trimmed, \$3.50.

Wash Goods Sale on Wednesday 100 pieces Dundee Dainty Fancies, a handsome lawn fabric for summer gowns, house wrappers, waists, etc.; choice designs, in stripes, cords, floral patterns, for ladies and children's wear. You will find this quality of wash goods at other places for 9c and 10c a yard. Our price for this sale is 6 1-4c a Yard

ains to Marcus Aurelius Hanna, which soon won confidence of everyone and persuaded William Kennericks' Sons, Jewellers, to cash a check for \$25; Crutcher & Sparks, clothiers, to accommodate him in large sums, and other merchants to honor his papers.

When he had gotten together \$1,000, as nearly as the Louisville police can figure, he left the city, and has not been heard of until arrested in Chicago. Melville bore some resemblance to the published pictures of Mark Hanna, and his glib tongue did the rest. Sometimes he was a son and at other times a nephew but whatever the relationship it always secured the coin for him.

HE ACTED SCANDALOUSLY

But Is Released From Arrest and Restored to Duty.

Washington, June 15.—The loss of ten numbers in his grade and reduction of his pay to fortnight pay for two years, and to be publicly reprimanded, is the sentence imposed by court martial upon Captain Robert E. Impey, at present stationed at the Mare Island navy yard. The captain was charged with scandalous conduct in having represented to a dentist that his bill must be reduced because it required the approval of the treasury officers, whereas this was a purely personal matter.

Secretary Long addressed a letter to Captain Impey advising him of his approval of so much of the sentence as directed a reprimand and a reduction in rank, but stating that the part of the sentence recommending that Captain Impey should be placed on fortnight pay for two years was remitted, "not because of any leniency which you are regarded as meriting, but for the reason that the department does not consider that the interests of the navy will be advanced by permitting you to remain in idleness for two years when the services of all officers are required on active duty."

The offense of which you have been found guilty is one which affects your honor as an officer, and it is not thought that anything which the department may say in the nature of a reprimand can add to the mortification which you should suffer by the publication of the general court martial order reciting the charge and specification and findings and sentence of the court in your case, with the action thereon.

The letter closes with an order that Captain Impey shall be released from arrest and restored to duty.

GREAT WAR WAGED.

Between Generals and Correspondents on Battlefield.

London, June 15.—The managing editor of one of the leading London evening papers today discussed Minister of War Brodrick's statement relative to war correspondents in common the other night. "I am not alone among London editors," he said, "in thinking that under present conditions, it is a mere waste of money to send special correspondents to the front."

"Enterprise and individuality count for nothing. Even the mail correspondence suffers restraint, as every correspondent is at the mercy of officials whom he may wish to criticize. The last two years have been a trial of strength between the military leaders and newspaper correspondents and the former won all along the line. Therefore I consider that the day of the useful, critical war correspondent, such as Forbes, McGahan and Miller, is really over. His public must rely upon doctored official dispatches or on emancipated accounts from the few correspondents who have contrived to curry favor at headquarters. Occasionally the truth leaks out through independence civilians or by private letters home from soldiers."

Ship Has Turned Up.

San Francisco, June 14.—The American ship, Henry B. Hyde, laden with coal, which had almost been given up as lost, has arrived here 152 days from Baltimore. Bad weather caused the delay.

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New York and Boston
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BIG FOUR ROUTE
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Ar. Buffalo 1:15 a.m. 6:15 a.m. 9:30 p.m.
Ar. New York 4:15 p.m. 8:15 p.m. 11:30 a.m.
Ar. Boston 1:15 p.m. 5:15 p.m. 8:30 a.m.
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Is now established by the proven richness of its holdings in the Sunset, Kern county, California, district. This company has eighty acres of proven territory, surrounded by the largest wells in the field, and has no indebtedness.

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Well No. 2 is paid for and it is believed that the product of these two wells will insure good dividends upon the capital stock (par value), yet this tract will warrant the sinking of eighteen more wells, and every one a sure shot.

A limited amount of the stock of this company will be sold for twenty cents per share, shares of par value of one dollar. Payments can be made one-fourth cash, balance thirty, sixty and ninety days if desired. This stock has not been offered to Wichita investors prior to absolute determination of its value and could not now be offered, excepting that the president of the company secured option upon a block of this stock before Well No. 1 was started.

For further particulars apply at the Wichita office of the company, Room 209, Winne Building.

THE WICHITA OIL COMPANY

J. O. DAVIDSON, President